THE WORDS OF WISE MEN.

GOETHE'S "REFLECTIONS" AND MR. HUX LEYS ROMANES LECTURE.

THE MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS OF GOETHF.
Translated by Bulley Saunders. With a preface. Pp. 223. Macmillan & Co.

P. R. S. Pp. 57. Macmillan & Co. (The Romanes F. R. S. Pp. 57. Lecture, 1893.)

There is a valid personal reason for grouping these two books together. Professor Huxley had much to do with both of them. In the one case he gives his own views of some aspects of the world problem; in the other he has supplied Mr. Saunders with a selection of the scientific apophthegms of Goethe. Both books are the record of an autumnal maturity of thought. Though Goethe's reflections were the product of many years, they still had his approval in the last days of his long life. In the Romanes lecture Mr. Huxlev speeks as a yeteran in the struggle of life. The chief value of the victories that have been won seems to him the indication they give of future lines of attack and the hope they inspire of future triumph. He may almost be said to illustrate by his discourse the little essay of Goethe on the philosophy ap propriate to each age of man-realism to the child. idealism to youth, scepticism to the man, and mysticism, or rather the pessimism of experience, to gray hairs. The old man, according to Me Saunders's translation, "sees that so much seem to depend on chance; that folly succeeds and wisdom fails that good and evil fortune are brought unexpectedly to the same level; so it is and so it has been, and old age acquiesces in that which is and was and will be." says: "If there is a generalization from the facts of human life which has the assent of thoughtful men in every age and country, it is that the violator of ethical rules constantly escapes the punishment which he deserves: that the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, while the rightcous begs his bread; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children: that, in the realm of nature, ignorance is punished just as severely as wilful wrong; and that thousands upon thousands of innocent beings suffer for the crime or the unintentional trespass of one." He points out that these conclusions of mature experience and ob-

servation are not modern.

The world as he sees it was also seen in the same light by the sages of old. "Greek and Semite and Indian are agreed upon this subject. The Book of Job is at one with the 'Works and Days' and the Buddhist Sutras: the Psalmist and the Preacher of Israel with the tragic poets of avoid all attempts to harmonize the affairs of the world and of humanity, or even to decide in the case between Mr. Huxley's microcosmic atom and his illimitable macrocosm. Mr. Huxley himself proposes a verdict tentative rather than final. The reason which deterred both Job and Goethe was doubtless practically the same. They would have had to speculate about something of which each was clear-headed enough to see that he could know nothing. The Greek and the Hindoo, "less wise perhaps," says Mr. Huxley, tried to "reconcile the rreconcilable." He does not object to these an tique systems on the ground of logical defects The transmigration theory of Brahmin and Buddhist seems to him as plausible a defence of the cosmic order against the charge of cruelty as any that have been invented. He offers the argument from heredity, from the transmission of characterthe Karma of the Indian philosophers-to show that, "like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality; and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supply ing." The real trouble with all these theories is that they do not solve the problem which they were intended to solve. The true solution of a difficulty appeals to all men alike, to the scepti es well as to the believer. Nobody thinks of stioning the method by which a circumference is drawn through three points not in the same straight line; but when it comes to the amirs of another world a very considerable minority of the human race is represented by Goethe when he says, as Englished by Mr. Saunders: "Man is placed as a real being in the midst of a real world and endowed with such organs that he can perceive and produce the real and also the possible All healthy men have the conviction of their own exist nee and of an existence around them. However, even the brain contains a hollow spot-that is country where a single litetime reaches back to what to say a place in which no object is mirrored; just may well be called antiquity has its advantages, as in the eye itself there is a little spot that does | The United States has moved so rapidly in the line of mental sickness, has presentiments of things of with stone in the merest fraction of the time which premature and unfortunate but not unrighted another world, which are in reality no things at all; possessing neither form nor limit, but alarming him like dark, empty tracts of night, and purshing him as something more than phantoms, if does not tear himself free from them." asserted what is unquestionably true, that "men whose whole personality is almost all idea are ex- they are so justly proud did a great deal of growing tremely shy of all fantasy," and pointed for illus- in earlier decades as well as later ones. Neverthe

other world was intolerable. Goethe must not be understood here as denying the pessibility of another world, but only as asserting that all human imaginings on the subject are futile and perilous. "Nature alone knows what she means," says he, and again in another place, speaking, it is true, of natural science, but using words of the witest application—" Let us ridiculous by so doing. There was in Mr. Hale's remember that we have always to deal with an family an old servant named Fullum. After the comachievement for a man of thought to have fathomed what may be fathomed, and quietly to revere the unfathomable." To the "lo! here" and "lo! there" of those who think they have the other world fettered like a captive balloon, Goethe must have replied, to be consistent, "Go your wass: I am busy with subjects which I hope to difficial adjuncts sixty or seventy years ago than now understand." For Goethe, a true product of the Mr. Hale shows a hearty dislike for some methodeighteenth century, did not disguise his antagoto mere theories. The common mistake of people, he thought, was doubting what was certain and trying to establish what was uncertain, and he led up to this by a sentence which Mr. Saunders has put in beautiful phrase: "Hypotheses aged to learn inst as though the lessons were parare cradle-songs by which the teacher lulls his Again: "Theories are usually the overhasty efforts of an impatient understarding that would g'adly be rid of phenomena, and so puts in their place pictures, notions, may, often He saw that there could be no limit to the increase of human experience, that is to the accumulation of facts discovered in the real world, a thing impossible. If one found traces in his but theories, good, bad or indifferent, must always satisfactory to a man he calls them true and ever played treamt or who has resisted the temptation imagines the world contrived in accordance with them. But in fact the world is always the same, always open to observation, and men are always the same, a compound of observation and guesswork, living mostly in illusions. The only use of theory, in his opinion, was that it kept men from It was the denying the connection of phenomena; but whoever was content with pure experience and acted n it, had enough of truth, for one is never dered by his senses but by his judgment. Doubtless Goethe, the scientific investigator, could be ned sometimes out of the mouth of Goethe the writer of adages. Perhaps he did not mean to exclude himself when he declared that men were interested in nothing but their own opinions, and availed themselves of the truth as long as it was serviceable, but seized on what was false, too, for e sake of some temporary support. He knew that to human nature hypothesis is indispensable which involved the minute study of the country and he doubtless looked forward to the time when about Boston, and there were longer journeys by men might see the world as it is, and when "the supreme achievement would be to see that stating a fact is starting a theory." That this good time when men shall see eye to eye, as Scripture has it. seems always just below the horizon ready to dawn, is the reason why the passion for a theory The next one will surely

cover all the facts. But it never does.

Even the theory of evolution is, like the bed overing of the prophet, too short and too narrow. Mr. Spencer confessed in his latest volume that ant or else he has forgotten the disagreeable episodes there was difficulty in making it apply with any in it. The book contains a number of illustrations.

minuteness to human conduct. And now comes Mr. Huxley, who holds to evolution rather in accordance with vague aphorisms of Heraclitus than with the hard and fast formula of modern times. and renews his intimations of distrust in the ethics of evolution." He does not question that the moral sentiments are the result of evolution but so are the immoral sentiments; and if evolution furnishes the ultimate sanctions of one class, it must do the same for the other. "Cosmic evo-lution may teach us how the good and evil tendencies of man may have come about," " but in itself it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil than we had before." In fact ethical progress, the "evolution of society," the advancement of civilization, are really inconsistent with the cosmical order. "The practice of that which is ethically the best-what we call goodness or virtue-involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. What is more, the hope of social progress lie solely in a persistent conflict with the forces of the cosmos, man against nature, the artificial world which man has created against the world which has been shaped by processes known to the present generation as evolutionary. In fact Mr. Huxley advises just what moralists in almost every age have advised-a struggle for improvement in at any the face of an opponent all the more cruel because inconscious. Some have thought that this opponent was mere brute matter, some have called it the world, the flesh and the devil, some have thought of it as the unconscious opposed to the at him in return." conscious. Names do not signify if the battle has always been the same. What deserves to be pointed out is that not only is human ethics a of literary movement. the cosmic order which can act rightly only when it opposes that order. We may not say with Hartmann that consciousness is the misfortune of

never have anticipated it. Goethe was right in his distrust of theories. He wrought into a paragraph all that he could have familiar in turn with the Edwards and the learned from evolution when he said: "How can Henrys and the Charleses, not many of whom, man come to know himself? Never by thinking, but by doing." And he taught, as Mr. Haxley teaches, that the world of the conscious and that of the unconscious are not identical. "The Edward VI, too studious for his own good, pass world of reason," said he, " is to be recorded as to his coronation. It rejoiced with the rest of a great and immortal being who censelessly works out what is necessary and so makes himself lord It was the hub of the nation, so to speak, when also over what is accidental." But this great and the needs of the times encouraged the developimmortal being has but one field in which to labor, the cosmic order of which Mr. Huxley speaks. If which were near it, were the most famous in the Greece." But Job and—one might say after the this be opposed and conquered, what then? While Kingdom. For the benefit of those who discard prologue to "Faust"-his great disciple, Goethe, it is true, as Mr. Huxley says, that "the theory of evolution encourages no millennial anticipations," yet his concession that a rebellious force exists in best days described "the London mansion of a the world only partially subject to the order of bishop, a baron or a nobleman," Mr. Archer rethings might easily lead to strange speculations. Of the wealth of learning with which Mr. Huxley worked out his theme it is needless to speak. the tributes of many forms of literature.

Aside from the intritsic value of Goethe's "Reflections," Mr. Saunders's volume is of interest as English monkery which is still sung necasionthe first attempt to place any great number of them to a few of these paragraphs have been quoted and used as if they were a part of general literature. Devil, the Mitre and the coffee houses, all figure Now more than half of them have been translated in this volume. The selections are numbered consecutively without reference to the arrangement of the original. In addition to the aid of Mr. Huxley, who chose seventy-six paragraphs out of two hundred and eighty on science, Mr. Saunders had the rather unwilling help of Sir Frederick Leighton in selecting the aphorisms on art. Sir Frederick's reluctance was due to a feeling that the artistic judgments of Goethe in his book of sayings were unworthy of him. Saunders's introduction is marked by sobriety and

FDWARD EVERETT HALE'S REMINISCENCES OF POYHOOD.

Much has been said one time and another about the newness of America, but after all existence in of civilization that it has covered the whole inof civilization that it has covered the whole in terval between "dugonis" and tall dwellings faced with stone in the merest fraction of the time which other matiens took to make the same journey. Hamber of the matiens took to make the same journey. Hamber of the same journey is to the same journey. Hamber of the same journey is to the same journey. Hamber of popular discontent under Wat Tyler. In this case, the same journey. Hamber of popular discontent under Wat Tyler. In this else that he same journey. Hamber of popular discontent under Wat Tyler. In this case, the same journey. Hamber of the same journey and unfortunate but not unrighteon. Norwich about 1819, when be was fittle more than same of the same journey. Hamber of the same journey and unfortunate but not unrighteon. Norwich about 1819, when be was fittle more than same of the same journey. Hamber of the same journey. Hamber of popular discontent under Wat Tyler. In this else the same journey. Hamber of popular discontent difficulties in less than a lifetime, and even the oldest treed not in kind, but only in the form of expression, from that shown in Chancer's allusing the years ago be mentioned Borrow as one of his distinguished shoul fellows whom he remembered. From the years ago he mentioned Borrow as one four of the same in a letter which is given the first printers and it is a letter which is given the first printers and it is a letter which is given the first printers and it is a letter which is given the first printers and it is a letter which is given the first printers and it is a letter which is given the first printers and it is a letter which is a was with thoughts like these in mind that Goethe tow figures just to show Bostonians and New-Yorkers asserted what is unquestionably true, that "men of the present generation that the towns of which tration to Hamann, to whom the mention of anwas for numbers about equal to a fine county capital energetic nature to a successful effort for turning hopes and anticipations on this point into reality.

There is a bit of a story which illustrates how human cluble problem." He deems it "the finest pletion of a portion of the Boston and Worcester Railroad the family went on its summer journey in in the carriage instead of taking his place in the

passenger car like a reasonable being.

Child life seems to have been less affected by arof teaching children. Any system that has the look of fereing the child's mind is hateful to him. He congratulates himself that his teacher for some year. was, to use his own emphatic word, a "simpletor Though school was irksome to him he somehow minof the amusement of the day. He should remember, however, that he was manifestly trained to look at the enties of life somewhat more sedately and his contemporaries, when the New-England conscience was at its best. There is no bint anywhere in this book that he was ever tempted to play truant. Doubtmere furniture of the mind. If they are duty and pleasure-a sere one, as every one who has can testify—then it might be inferred that his training over the history produces a feeling of melancholy; was less complete than it seems to have been. He smiles a little at the boundless hopes inspired by new fencies about education in those days, but really that there was much good in the devices then used, knowledge, of popular experiments in science, when every boy was his own chemist and his own toy maker, and what not, after the manner of the Edgworth brood of perfectible little folks. Mr. Hale old system. Even Lord Brougham, the apostle of

knowledge as a means of growth in goodness, might well be proud of him.

But Mr. Hale's boyhood was not all devoted to the school. There was the pleasure of the affic at home with its tool box and chemicals, fire rangers the rare holidays on the Common, especially Lection days and training days, there were country walkcarriage and railroad train. Finally there was Har-vard College, which Mr. Hale entered in his four teenth year. He was thus still a boy when I graduated, and he was truly to be envi d that with some years between him and legal manhood he could meditate on what he was to do in life. Of examinations as he knew them he speaks with some severity, and he is genially humorous at the expense of the graduating exercises and the degree which confers so little in such high-sounding Latin phrases. But his boyish life must have been aitogether pleasFLEET STREET.

OUGHFARE

THE HIGHWAY OF LETTERS, And Its Famous Footsteps, By Thomas Archer, Pp. xvi, 507, Anson D. F. Randelph & Co.

Few streets in the world offer to the literary a general thing be has that thoroughfare within the range of an easy walk. Nevertheless, under these self-imposed geographical restrictions, he manages to bring to book every important personage, and the most important events in the history of English letters from the time whe York ceased to be the literary capital of a country whose books up to that time had been written for the most part in Latin. The modern rage for improving ancient landmarks out of existence suggested his effort to preserve with word and picture what even in ruins can no longer be a part of the real Lendon. To Amerilonger be a part of the real Lendon. To Americans, who are prone to think of English conservatism as an ineradicable trait, it sounds odd ingleton; the History of a Social State." to hear an Englishman saying that "in London, rate, objects which to-day are so familiar to the wayfarer in the streets that he is ready to regard them as monuments, will to morrow have disappeared, and he will be left idly gaping at an empty space, which gapes

Doubtless many things might be written of Fleet Street in other aspects than as the scene Indeed, Mr. Archer asmiracle from the evolutionary point of view, but sociates with it picturesque occurrences in the so also is consciousness itself. It is a thing within history of royalty, of the State, of the city, and ment, the Gordon riots. It was darkened by the universe, but we must say that Nature could the smoke and herrifled by the stench of the persecuting fires in Smithfield. It was cognizant of trials for witcheraft and sorcery. unless by that royal prerogative which covers a multitude of shortcomings, could be dignified with the title of men of letters. It saw young England over the destruction of the Armada this ancient name for a public house in favor "inn," which in its of the less suitable word marks that in those days the question, "Shaff I not take mine case at mine inn?" was to be interpreted, "Am I not to study my own com-Within the limits of a few pages he has gathered the tributes of many forms of literature.

Interpret my own house?" On the other hand, fort in my own house?" On the other hand, the tributes of many forms of literature. use in translating that lively drinking song of ally by men who like a little resonant Latin fore the eyes of these who read English. Hither- with old wine. From the Tabard to the Old Cheshire Cheese, including the Mermaid, the

in these pages.

with Fleet Street from the time when it was an unpayed roadway netween straggling lines of that held houses from the bridge over the Fleet, then the navigable mouth of the "River of Wells," there were occasions when one might have seen popular romancers and song-writers in the retinuof the kings who passed that way to or from the royal residence. And one may imagine three such poets as Langland and Gower and Chaucer, all of them worthy of any age, and one of them BOSTON SEVENTY YEARS AGO. able to hold a place with genius of the first rank, meeting as old friends on Fleet Bridge, and noting with keen glance the changes that had already come upon England. Not one of the three was cheerful at the prospect, for with better knowledge there had come a spirit of unrest. Men of learning, who were also men of the people State. Perhaps Wyeliffe himself, carrying upon his shoulders the burden of the reformation, might also have been seen on Fleet Bridge new and then, especially when he went up from the University to be tried for heresy at St. Paul's. However it may be as to individuals, Fleet Street seeking prelates like Wolsey, the first printers, and he the ever-widening groups of poets and prosewriters who herabled the coming of an era when the English national spirit, until at length it was found that this spirit could speak for itself, even if there happened to be no king to

claim it as his own. Fleet Street saw the efforts to restrain even to from all the restrictions of antique prejudice. It the result was—intervals of golden silence."

There is a phasant little glimpse of Wordsworth in knew the beginnings of Separatism and of that the talk of Dr. Davy, repeated by Mrs. Crosse. W. England to America. It was the home, so to the glory of the drama and in the evolution of the newspaper. It witnessed the rise of literary men as a class from a position of servitude and dependence to a position of self-dependence and self- kindliness of heart would sometimes show a party more considered than the clown, it beheld at other times noblemen whose genius won for letters an artificial respect, and later still stern men like Milton and Johnson, who, whatever they owed to friends, owed little to political masters, and Defoe, who refused to owe fealty to anyboly, and made his refusal good. In every age Fleet Street bore the tread of men, each of whom had to fight for his own hand, and most of whom had to by the hope of better things to come. To glance yet, even when things were at the worst, viewed with modern eyes, the men of the day seem to have had as much pleasure in life as their suc-

The marvellous thing is that all these revolutions have occurred within a space of time covered by so few generations of men. Rogers, the banker-poet, could, as a youth, have shaken hands with Johnson, and always regretted that he neglected the opportunity. Yet Rogers is remembered by men who have hardly pected to passed the meridian of life. Johnson, as a circles. young man of letters, was befriended by Pope, and, as he was born in 1709, there is an interval of only eight years between his life and that of Dryden, who was born before the death of Ben Jonson, in 1637. The date of Jonson's birth-1575-makes it possible to link his life with that of John Heywood, who reaches back to Skelton. The latter was a child when Lydgate died, and thus with eight names a chain is completed reaching from the present age back to

Chaucer, who was Lydgate's master.

The literary glory of Fleet Street lies almost wholly in the past. Yet, Mr. Archer finds a way of connecting the historic thoroughfare with great names which are still of recent memory-with Coleridge and Wordsworth and Carlyle and Tennyson. Even the writers of the present day can still be associated with the traditional memories of the street. One of the strongest bonds which ington Irving.

unites the veteran writers still alive, to the past, is the Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern, in which Johnson spent much of his time, and which, it is said,
Mr. Sala deserted only when a daring renovator carried into it that spirit of improvement which Mr. Archer mourns as characteristic not merely of Wine Office Court, but of all Fleet Street. His description of the street as it looks now is not flattering, "with no architectural attractions exept some large and imposing piles of buildings historian material for a volume like the one here and there incongruously breaking the sordid here cited. Occasionally Mr. Archer travels a monotony of the shabby shops and houses." The considerable distance from Fleet Street, but as book is copiously illustrated with views of famous places, with copies of head-pieces and tail-pieces from curious old books.

LITERARY NOTES.

Frederika Bremer is an author almost unknown to the younger generation-unhappily so, for her vivid and wholesome books are well worth reading. It is pleasant to note that the Putnams are preparing handsome edition of her "Home."

Another fanciful book on the possible happenings in

"A Review of Etching in the United States," by Formation of Etching Societies and Clubs." Peter Moran has aided the author in collecting data and has contributed a short preface.

The first three volumes of the new edition of Sir Richard Burton's works will be issued before the autumn. The first, the well-known "Pilgrimage to Mecca," will be quickly followed by the "Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey," and by the Eastern fairy tale, "Vikram and the Vampire."

Captain A. T. Mahan is one of the few Americans to whom Englishmen have given ungrudging praise and appreciation. "The Spectator" in reviewing his "In-fluence of the Sea Power upon the Prench Revolution ourselves that so great a subject should have produced no adequate English historian, for the history of the Sea Power in modern times is in one sense the history of England. Englishmen can nevertheless congratu late themselves that one of their own race and anguage should have undertaken the task; and if orth take rank as a standard history of this war in its naval aspect, it is the fact that it is characterized out by him; and because he was too advanced by the judicial tone and impartial spirit which an in years as well as too infirm to go in search uthor of British nationality could perhaps hardly have

Another tradition was that he disappeared from school one day and never showed up again. It was set friest for heresy at St. Paul's be as fo individuals, Fleet Street all that was to be seen of that

of the present day. There were no railroads, though
the rumor of them was in the air, and Mr. Hale's
father devoted the enthusiasm and activity of an
be England's own. For that was the core of
Crosse's recent report concerning the friction which be England's own. For that was the context from Henry II down to the Revolution. Every advance in thought in any direction meant English unity and the strengthening of meant English unity and the strengthening of the context of the amount of calm contemplation. Mr. Ewart, who was one of the party, bethought him of a remedy. He bought a pipe for Miss Martineau and persuaded her the carriage would be useful in the country, it was taken on a flat-car attached to the train. And Fullum rode then it saw the gradual emancipation of learning that she halled every new panacea, and

railways upon his charmed solitude, but we see him speak, of the pamphleteers. It had its share in also greatly touched when he found that crowds of hollday-makers would frequently turn aside only to glimpse of the poet himself. restect. If it once saw the jougleur, scarcely such tourists round the garden, and dismiss them each with a laurel leaf picked by himself, as a memento.

> A forthcoming illustrated book is the new "Van nonneed by Futnam. Mr. E. W. Kemble has made \$25 drawings for the work. One hundred copies will be printed with proofs of the full-page illustrations on Japan paper.

Another edition of the Cambridge Shakespeare is suffer, in less or greater measure, sustained merely contemplated by the Macmillans. It is to be in thirtyat velomes, large paper, one volume be devoted to each play and one paper is to be used, the books are to be bound in red linen and the house of Clay will be responsible for the

already gone into a third edition in this country.

emanating from the great brain" of Oscar Wilde! All we are permitted to know is that in the autumn will be published a book from his pen which is expected to create a stir in shakespearean and literary

accounted clever. A waggish Englishman, after the recent performance of Dumas's "Denise" in London, wrote to a newspaper, gravely explaining that there parodied and sometimes lifted from a play called Lady Windermere's Fan." writer indignantly demanded, that he should calmly take possession of semebody else's phrases? The Frenchman, strange to say, did not perceive the irony nor investigate the dates of production of the two plays. He was struck with amazement at British ignorance and proceeded to preach a severe sermon in the "Debats" on the subject.

The second volume of Mr. Curtis's "Essays" will be brought out by the Harpers next week. At the same time they will publish Mr. Warner's cassy on Wash-

ORIGIN OF THE YNCAS.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THEIR ANCESTORS TAKEN FROM THE WRITINGS OF A NA-TIVE PERUVIAN ARCHIVE KEEPER.

In the library of the British Museum, the argest in the world and a veritable treasure house of rare and precious literature, the student may examine a Spanish manuscript (No. 25,327) written in 1631 by a member of the Society of Jesus, a missionary in Peru, Father Joan Anello Oliva, a native of Naples. This work of his, which has never been published, is full of information that cannot fail to interest all persons who have read anything about Peru. Dr. Le Plongeon made an exact copy of the Spanish manuscript, and the following account is a condensed translation of part of it. Regarding the founder of the Ynca dynasty Oliva says:

"I had read all the histories written on the dynasty of the Yncas without finding any clew to the origin of Manco Capac (the first Ynca), and was engaged in writing this Book when I received original papers from the pen of Dr. Bartolome Cervantes, purveyor of the Holy Church of the Charcas. In these I found that which for so many years I had sought in vain. The account is given by a quippu camayor (chronicler) named H. R. Wray, is now on the press. The little volume
will be divided into three parts treating of "Etching
as an Art," "Etching in the United States" and "The
of the Yncas, as also were his forefathers, who of the Yncas, as also were his forefathers, who had imparted their historical knowledge to him, they themselves having received it from Illa, the first archive keeper, said to have been the inventor of Quippus (knot records)." Catari, then, a native of Peru, and a subject

came to people these countries (South America) landed at Caracas, afterward spreading over the territory even to Peru. Some of those colonists found their way to Sumpa (Point Santa Elena), two degrees south of the equator. There they founded a great city by order of their chief, and Empire" says: "It is not à little discreditable to Tumbe, a good, intelligent and just man. After a time he sent out an expedition with orders to seek other lands and return in one year, but those people never came back, though after several years had elapsed some were heard of in Chili, Paraguay, Brazil and remote parts of the continent. Tumbe was profoundly grieved at not knowing what fate had overtaken those sent of them he mourned so much that he brought on an illness which resulted in his death. He left strict orders that some one should go to find

that they lived in terror.

But Pachacamae (the Creator) delivered them from that dreadful oppression by destroying the wicked giants, no less vicious than Otoya, who died in his prison. The God caused a rain of fire to tall on the giants and consume their bodies. Tradition says that those giants had come by sea and were four times as large as ordinary men. We may safely regard this as a poetical exaggeration. It is, however, true that exceedingly large human bones are even now found endurance, a nervous irritant not to be borne in a along the coast in many places, showing that climate and under circumstances that invite a certain at some time or other giants really did live there.

along the coget in many places, showing that at some time or other glants really did live there. According to Zarate the tradition is to the effect that Pachacamae sent a beautiful youth, who, descending from the sky in the midst of a responsibility of the proposed of the gants and of their doings in his native him and his people in the same manner, here are because any many of the mande, and with all his vassals sailed out to sea. After two days they reached an island, fertile and fruitful. They called it Pana in the Guayaquil, and establishing themselves there, and the grant and the proposed of the glants had bossession of it. Canstaney does not seen to have been one of the virtues of the wise Quitumba, for he had in no way kept his promise to his wife Llira. At the end of ten years she learned that her husband was alive and last settled on the island. Losing all hope of been to have been one of the virtues of the wise Quitumba, for he had in no way kept his promise to his wife Llira. At the end of ten years she learned that her husband was alive and had been to have been one of the virtues of the wise Quitumba, for he had in no way kept his promise to his wife Llira. At the end of ten years she learned that her husband was alive and had been to have been one of the virtues of the wise Quitumba, for he had in no way kept his promise to his wife Llira. At the end of ten years she learned that her husband was alive and had been to have been one of the virtues of the wise Quitumba, for he had in no way kept his promise to his wife Llira. At the end of ten years she learned that her husband has alive and had been to have been one of the virtues of the wise Quitumba, for he had in no way kept his promise to his wife Llira. At the end of ten years she carried to have the had a settled on the island, losing all hope of been provided to the proposed his wife years to have the had a settled on the island. Losing all hope of see the poet's vehement dislike to the intrusion of the of the giants and of their doings in his native Mr. Kipling's new book, "Many Inventions," has Tradition has it that surprising phenomena immea mention of Mr. Wilde reminds us of an amusing day the winds, every year at a fixed period.

In view of the omen granted her, Llira, full of gratitude, resolved to offer her son as a sacrifice. She built a pile of wood and laid her child on it, but just as she was about to apply the torch a condor descerded from the heights, and, seizing the boy in its claws, flew to a floating island called Guayan. There the youth remained hidden for ten years, maintaining himself on roots and fruits. After the dreadful storm that had been raised by Llira's prayers the countries on the coast suffered from drouth, becoming arid

and desert as they now are. In the mean time Quitumba, on the island of

There he ploughed the land, sowed the fields. and raised a sumptuous temple to Pachacama to whom he offered many sacrifices. The ruine of that edifice are at a short distance from Lima Soon after it was built Quitumba died, and was buried in a mound according to the custom of those times. The son whom the deserted Lilra had borne to him he had never seen, but he left another named Thome, who became a great warrior. He was the first in that country to invent weapons defensive and offensive. He was cruel and tyrannical, waging war on the other inhabitants and obliging them to recognize his authority. His half brother, Llira's son Guayansy, had reached his twenty-second year, when a termainland and left it stranded at a place inhabited by a flerce and barbarous tribe. Impelled by curiosity, some of those people boarded the island, discovered the young man, and led him prisoner to their Cacique. This chief had him imprisoned, intending to sacrifice him at an approaching festival. Guayanay was a good-looking fellow, with a clear complexion and curly hair. A great number of persons came to look at him and hear his story; but the Cacique's daughter Ciguar loved him at first sight and made up her mind to save him, cost what it She found an opportunity to tell him of the Yncas, royal archive keeper, has handed that she would risk her life to rescue him if he down to us a history, of which we here give an would let her accompany him where fate might outline. After the great deluge, the first who direct his steps. To which he replied that he would gladly devote his whole future to her. During the night Ciguar managed to effect the escape of the prisoner and to elope with him. In their flight they encountered six of the Cacique's men. Guayanay killed four; two escaped and carried the news to the chief. But Ciguar had a canoe all ready prepared; thus they managed to get away with four servants devoted to her. After several days they came to an island which on closer inspection proved to be Guayanay's own floating home that the winds and tides had again carried far from the mainland. There the young couple made their home and lived many years, blessed with a large family. After a long time the island was accidentally discovered by the son of a Cacique named Thome, lord of Quito and the places up to the seashore. Because of a heinous crime that chief had condemned his son that vast expanse of water to they stopped, not knowing what n Eat while he was following this unbridled expect the country wes suddenly invaded by giants of gormidable size and forbidding aspect. They were also exceedingly crucl, and soon made themselves masters of the place. The vicious Otoya was taken captive, and all his subjects were treated with such tyranny by the newcomers, Manco went along the left shore of the lake,

Puna, where he had sought refuge, to

place no longer fruitful enough to su

people. He therefore returned to the maining travelled toward the interior and settled a

Quito, founding a city to which he gave be

own name. Some of his people went south the country of the Charcas and the valley

toward the valley of Rimas to get from the

river that water which the skies refused him.

Cuzco. Afterward Quitumba himself descen

Manco went along the left shore of the lake, keeping out of sight as much as possible, sith sisting on edible roots. After many days of cruel hardship he reached Mama Ota, four miles from Cazco. There he found three caves and entered the middle one, now called by the natives Capaztoco or royal window.

As Manco did not return to his people at the time he had stated, several parties were sent to search for him. His relations, the descendants of the house of Guayanay, observed that birds came across the lake every morning and returned every evening. They concluded that lands must exist in the direction where the birds came, so they made canoes and went over the water till they made canoes and went over the water till they reached the island of Titicaen, where they landed. While roaming about they came to 3

MASCAGNI AND LEGNEAVALLO.

MASCAGNI AND LEONCAVALLO.

From The London Globe.

In one particular Signor Mascagni is certainly the very antithesis of his fellow countryman Leoncavallo, who found so little pleasure in society that at a dinner party given in his honor he was the only guest who folled to keen the enurgement. Mascagni has been everywhere; he has dined with the Prince of Wales, and has rounded off his experiences by spending an evening with Mr., Alfred de Rothschild. It must not be understood, however, that Signor Leoncavallo was unapproachebie; and as a mark of his amiability it my be mentioned that he left beint him, when he left London, the manuscript of a song specially written for a popular singer. Signor Mascagni has found no time for that sort of thing.